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14

POEMS,

By the Rev. W. TASKER, A.B.

An ODE
TO THE
WARLIKE GENIUS of GREAT BRITAIN.
DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD AMHERST.
THE THIRD EDITION WITH ADDITIONS,

An ODE to CURIOSITY,
A BATHEASTON AMUSEMENT.
THE SECOND EDITION.

A POETICAL ENCOMIUM on TRADE,
Addreſſed to the Mercantile City of BRISTOL.

And, an EPITAPH intended for
the reverend Mr. ECCLES, late of Bath;

LONDON:
FOR THE AUTHOR,
Printed at Laidler's Office, Princes-Street, Leiceſter-Fields;
And Sold by Dodsley, Pall-Mall; Bew, Pater-Noſter-Row; Richardson and Urquhart, Exchange; Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard; Kearsley, Fleet-Street; Ridley, St. James's Street; and W. Davis, Piccadilly.

M DCC LXXIX.
PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JEFFERY,
LORD AMHERST,

BARON AMHERST,

OF HOLMES-DALE, IN KENT,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH,

GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY's FORCES,

LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE,

GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF GUERNSEY,

COLONEL OF THE THIRD REGIMENT OF FOOT,

COLONEL IN CHIEF OF THE ROYAL AMERICAN REGIMENT OF FOOT;

AND

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

THE FOLLOWING POEM,
IS HUMBLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

---- Bellum, O terra hoſpita! portas:
Bello armantur equi, bellum hæc armenta minantur,

VIRG. ÆNEID. III.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers; and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.

SHAKESPEARE.

AN

ODE

TO THE

WARLIKE GENIUS of GREAT BRITAIN.

I.

IMMORTAL Power! to whom by Heaven,
The care of Britain's warlike isle is given:
Whether thou sport'st upon the waves;
While round her cliffs old Ocean raves,
Whether thou guid'st the storm of night,
Or rul'st the lightening's rapid flight.

Behind thee fear and dire diſmay,
Before thy face while terrors fly,
Blackening with gloomy clouds the ſky,
And mark thy dreadful way.
What ſhall thy near approach withſtand?
(When Vengeance arms thy red right hand)
When, every wheel inſtinct with War,
Forth iſſues thy impetuous Car,
Which, whirling rapid thro' the ſkies,
(From motion kindling as it flies)
Like meteor, ſtreaming to the troubled air,
On angery pinions, fiery Dragons bear.

II.

Behold! with joy thy native Plains,
Where martial ſpirit proudly reigns,

Freedom

Freedom---Goddeſs heavenly bright
Again prepares for vigorous fight:
Muſe of Glory!---Clio ſing,
Let Freedom ſound from every ſtring,
And trace her birth from the great ſource of light.

III.

Genius of Britain! view the Plains
Where military Virtue reigns.
Pallid Fear her vain alarms
Idly ſpreads.---While Glory warms
Th' intrepid ſoul with her celeſtial charms,
The ſtandard rears, and calls to arms:
Ye ſons of Britain hear!
From her refulgent ſphere

Aloud

Aloud ſhe ſhouts,---and opes the bright abodes
Of Heroes, and of Demi-Gods:
On ſeats of burniſh'd gold,
Where Arthur---Alfred ſat of old;
---The great examples fire---
---To deathleſs deeds inſpire,---
The ſons of freedom riſe---they claim
Their birthright---the reward of fame:
They catch the flame and energy divine,
And from their poliſh'd arms, the ſun-beams brighter ſhine.

IV.

Gallia's pale Genius ſtands aghaſt,
(The Lillies wither in her hand)
Her Fleets receive the favouring blaſt,
But dare not ſeek the adverſe Land.

On

On England's rough and rocky ſhore,
She hears th' awaken'd Lion roar.

V.

Pindar! of boldeſt verſe the ſire!
Great maſter of the boundleſs lyre!
Teach me one ſound of thy immortal ſtring.
---Shakeſpeare!---one ſpark from thy bright Muſe of fire!
Bear me on her hiſtoric deathleſs wing,
While I Britannia's ancient heroes ſing,
Reveal paſt deeds---without a crime
Give me to look into the grave of time.
I look---before my eyes behold
With regal aſpect, and demeanor bold,
Warriors of ages paſt, and of ethereal mold.

VI.

Who yonder tow'rs with haughty ſtrides along,
Superior by the head to the admiring throng?
(A vanquiſh'd Monarch by his ſide appears,
Whoſe deep-felt woes the generous victor chears)
By ſable arms diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
The oſtrich-plumes high-nodding o'er his creſt;
Great Edward's Heir!---on Creſſy's plain renown'd!
With Gallic ſpoils and gorgeous trophies crown'd.---
Who yonder leans upon his ſhield?
And looks tow'rds Agincourt's enſanguin'd field,
(Where

A vanquiſh'd Monarch] The king of France, taken by the Black Prince, and detained ſome time priſoner by his father Edward III. in Windſor Caſtle.

Oſtrich-Plumes] The Oſtrich Feather was in the arms of the conquer'd king of Bohemia, and thence adopted by the victorious Prince of Wales.

Great Edward's heir] The Prince of Wales the heroic ſon of Edward III. ſurnamed the Black Prince, becauſe he wore black armour.

(Where Gallia's leaders preſs the ground
With countleſs thouſands ſtretch'd around)
Like Peleus' ſon, in arms divine,
Effulgent glories round him ſhine!
Henry! thy awful form is known,
And on thy laurel'd brow ſtill gleams the hoſtile Crown.

VII.

Like Shades of night, the viſion flies,
No more romantic ſcenes ariſe:
I wake from out the pleaſing dream,
And glad purſue the martial theme.
Genius of Britain! to thy office true,
On yonder heath the waving banners view;

Where

Peleus' Son] Achilles the ſon of Peleus, had a ſuit of armour made for him by Vulcan at the requeſt of Thetis. *Hom. Iliad.*

Henry!] Henry V. crown'd king of France.

On yonder heath] Cox-Heath.

Where Maidſtone's antient fabric ſtands,
And Medway's ſtreams refreſh the thirſty lands;
Britiſh ſpirit never droops:
Where late the foreign hireling troops,
A ſervile, mercenary band!
Diſgrac'd the ſtate, and ſham'd the land;
Now behold a native race
With freer ſtep, and bolder grace!
Thy Britain's offſpring glad ſurvey,
(Experienc'd Amherſt leads the way)
See! her heroic free-born chiefs advance,
And hurl defiance tow'rd perfidious France.
---To individual worth, Goddeſs, attend,
And Grafton view, the Soldier's Friend!

VIII.

Soldier's Friend.] His Grace the Duke of Grafton, was diſtinguiſhed by that amiable appellation.

VIII.

Is it Fancy's ſtrong controul
Which thus o'erſways my raptur'd ſoul?
Do mine eyes diſcern aright?
Or brilliant beauty overpower my ſight?
In martial veſt
By Venus and the Graces dreſt,
To yonder tent, who leads the way?
Art thou Britannia's Genius? ſay!
Or in the ſofter features of thy face
Trace we the likeneſs of the Malbro' race?
Hail! fair Devonia! hail!
Thy powerful charms prevail;
When Churchill's offſpring takes the field,
Ne'er ſhall the ſons of Britain yield.

Devonia) The Ducheſs of Devonſhire.

IX.

Muſe of Glory! raiſe the verſe
Churchill's matchleſs deeds rehearſe.
Paſt time returns, recall'd by you,
And Blenheim riſes to my view.
Like Mars himſelf, ſublime he ſtands,
And urges on the daring bands,
Like Mars, inſpir'd with Pallas' wiſer mind.—
Slaughter rages unconfin'd!
In vain the Gallic Squadrons ſtrive
To keep the fainting War alive.
The Houſe-hold troops retreat—they fly.
Victory lightens from his eye:
Deſperate they plunge into the Flood,
The raging Danube ſwells with Blood:

Grim Fate inwraps his deſtin'd prey,
And orphan'd thouſands weep that dreadful day,

X.

Hail! fair Devonia! hail!
Malbro's deſcendant ſhall prevail:
From time's firſt æra, to the preſent hour,
All Warriors own reſiſtleſs Beauty's power.
Fir'd by Helen's fatal charms,
Youthful Paris ruſh'd to arms.
By Thais artful ſmiles was won
Macedonia's conquering Son.
She rais'd his rage, or ſooth'd his ire:
To pleaſe the Dame,
He ſpread the Flame,
That wrapt the World's Metropolis in Fire.

If Thais thus the power poſſeſt
From Honour's path to turn the Conqueror's mind;
Do thou, bright Nymph, (in whoſe fair breaſt,
The nobler virtues dwell enſhrin'd,)
Employ the power the Gods to Beauty gave,
Exert thy chaſter energy to ſave.
What may not public Virtue do,
Approv'd, ſupported, chear'd by you?
Thy influence what withſtand?
'Mid blaze of Arms
Thy brighter Charms
Shall raiſe a Patriot Flame to ſave the Land.
Allied to Cavendiſh, the Spencer-Race
In thee ſhall gain a double grace:

Their

If Thais] Alexander in a drunken frolic (at the inſtigation of Thais, the celebrated Courtezan of Corinth) burnt Perſipolis, the moſt beautiful and magnificent city of the Eaſt.

Their mingled Honours deck his line,
And thou our tutelar Minerva ſhine.

XI.

Where yon tall Spire ſalutes the ſky,
Where Sarum's ſpacious Plains extend,
Before the gales, Equeſtrian enſigns fly,
And warlike Shouts the joyful Welkin rend.
Freedom's brave Sons, unknown to yield,
On generous courſers ſcour the field,
They burn with fierce delight,
Their injur'd Country's wrongs they feel,
Eager they ſnatch the gleamy Steel,
And fir'd by---Johnſon---wiſh th' avenging Fight.

Equeſtrian Enſigns] The Camp at Wilton on Saliſbury Plain, conſiſted entirely of horſe, commanded by General Johnſon.

XII.

What wonderous Ruin yonder ſtands?
A Pile, not rais'd by mortal hands,
Stone-Henge!---ſtupendous, antient frame!
Well know in days of early fame!
O Muſe! from thee what marvels ſpring?
The Muſe's work, the Muſe ſhall ſing.---
Beyond the date of Records old,
Bards attun'd their harps of gold;
The power of ſong was unconfin'd;
To prove its force, they all at once combin'd:
All Albion's Bards aſſembled round,
(Their Brows with Oaken Garlands crown'd)
To try the power immenſe of conſecrated ſound:

With

Antient frame] It appears from the moſt authentic records, that Stonehenge was a Temple of the Druids, before the eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity in this kingdom.

With rapturous Fire,
They ſtruck the Lyre:
With geſtures wild, and looks entranc'd,
Along the vale in magic ranks they danc'd.

XIII.

Give us (they ſung) great God of Light!
A glorious inſtance of thy might:
Some miracle impart,
To dignify the myſtic art:
Their voice the God propitious hears---
He ſtoops---he ſhakes the lofty Spheres---
---He viſibly deſcends.
Each mountain ſinks, each valley bends.
And rocks the ſolid earth:

With

Great God of Light] The Druids worſhipped the Sun.

With awe inſpir'd
The Bards retir'd,
When lo! a wond'rous birth!
With inſtantaneous bound
The rocks were pil'd around:
Fabric compleat---amazing---new!
Stone-Henge aroſe to their enraptur'd view,

XIV.

Sacred to Bards, and Druids' magic power
The Fane upſprang, in happy hour,
In time's remoter date:
To Sages old
And Chieftains bold,
An Oracle of State

To Bards the Gods decreed
To charm the martial throng,
To ſing the Warrior-ſong,
And form the Youth t'acquire bright Glory's meed.
Ev'n now (they ſay) what time at ſtill midnight
The Moon's mild beams the vales delight,
The ſimple Shepherds, think they hear
Sounds more than human in the air.
Stronger Fancy Reaſon warps;
Majeſtic forms of Druids riſe
In ſudden viſion to their eyes,
And tune their ſhadowy harps.

XV.

Since arms emblaze the fields---appear
Spectres more frequent in the air:

Arrang'd in order bright
Well pleas'd amid the tents to rove,
The Shades of mighty Heroes move
Cloth'd in the robes of night.
Inſpire the ſons of Mars in dreams,
And fire their Souls with warlike Themes.
Protracted ſleep they ſcorn.
From beds of Sloth upborn
Light and active as the Morn
Refreſh'd they riſe.
With winged Speed,
They mount the Steed,
And raiſe the Shout of Triumph to the Skies.

XVI.

XVI.

Britain's Genius! view well-pleas'd
The mighty Force, thy power hath rais'd.
Where ſainted Edmund ſleeps,
(O'er whoſe tomb oblivion creeps)
On the neighbouring martial land,
See Saville lead th' Eborean Band.
Hark! whence Warlike Shouts ariſe,
To yonder Common---turn thine ardent eyes,
Where the thund'ring Cannons make
The ſturdieſt Oaks of Brentwood ſhake!

Where

Where Edmund ſleeps] St. Edmundſbury, in the county of Suffolk.

Neighbouring Land] The camp in the neighbourhood of St. Edmundſbury.

Eborean Band] Yorkſhire, from Eboracum the Roman name for York.

Thund'ring Cannon] The camp of Warley Common, near Brentwood, Eſſex, remarkable for a fine Park of Artillery.

Look down once more---behold again---
On fam'd Wintonia's chalky Plain:
Where yonder Royal Ruin lies
And Gothic towers obſcurely riſe,
Where Plenty ſmiles, 'mid waving corn,
On fruitful meads luxuriant crops are born,
And fleecy flocks the neighbouring hills adorn.
Behold! conſpicuous in the line,
Where Dorſet, Rivers, Berkley, Paget ſhine!
Where Squadrons move in Armour bright:
With mingled Beauties pleaſe thy ſight,
A various proſpect, wide and far,
Riches of Peace and images of War!

XVII.

Royal Ruin] The ſhell of a Palace built by Charles II. on the ruins of an old Caſtle, once the ſeat of the Saxon Kings.

XVII.

(On yonder mountain's ſides,
Object illuſtrious, great and new!
The highly grac'd Pavilion view,
Where Majeſty reſides.
For him the Arts a deathleſs wreath entwine,
While round the throne ſhall bright-ey'd Science ſhine,
His awful brow inſpire the martial rage,
While Charlotte's ſofter ſmiles adorn a poliſh'd age.
---Aonian virgins! heavenly bland
View yonder claſſic band,
Your Britiſh Sons, all blooming youths and fair,
In garb of Rome, with hyacinthine hair,
Marſhall'd by Warton's ſkill, beneath his guardian care;

Claſſic Band] The Wincheſter Scholars, dreſſed in their gowns and caps.

His mental eye may view mid theſe,
Some future Tully or Demoſthenes,
Some youthful Virgil lie conceal'd,
Or Lyric Horace unreveal'd.
---Rapt of erſt with FANCY's heavenly fire,
Why, Warton, ſleeps thy tuneful lyre?
Would'ſt thou but deign of arms to ſing,
And touch but once th' heroic ſtring,
Ardour divine would kindle round,
"And Men grow Heroes at the ſound.")

This Stanza added at the time of the Royal Review at Wincheſter.

XVIII.

From hardy Regions of the North,
Fierce Caledonia's Sons pour forth;

The

Fancy's fire] Alluding to Dr. Warton's beautiful Ode to Fancy.

The plaided troop the target wield,
With thundering footſteps ſhake the field,
While, like the lightening, (from impulſe divine,)
Their glittering broad ſwords flaſh and ſhine.
---Glory her courſe unbounded runs,
And fires Damnonia's diſtant ſons,
The " ſpirit-ſtirring drum" alarms,
And Acland leads the youth in arms ;
*(With glory, for a while no more, alas ! they burn,
Their Leader loſt, the drooping Squadrons mourn,
A ſlow and melancholy train
With arms inverted, o'er the plain !
O Muſe of glory ! ſhed the godlike tear
To grace heroic Acland's funeral bier.)

From

Damnonia's Sons] Damnonia, the antient name of Devonſhire.

Acland leads] John Dyke Acland, Eſq; (the eldeſt Son of Sir Thomas Acland, Bart. of Pixton) Colonel of the firſt Battalion of Devonſhire Militia, one of the beſt diſciplined Provincial Regiments in the Kingdon. * Added on Colonel Acland's Death.

---From Cambria's Muſe-deſerted fountains,
From her bleak ſky-bounded mountains,
Their kindred country to defend.
Britain's antient race deſcend;
Glamorgan's warriors quit their native Land,
Gallant Mountſtuart heads the band;
The fiery youth he ſcarce reſtrains
(Tumultuous ardor in their veins)
Eager to prove their force on England's warlike plains:
Each Hero emulates his ſire,
The nation glows with martial ire:
With Cadwall's native rage, and bold Llewellin's fire!
On every heath, on every ſtrand,
Embattled Legions grace the Land:
To Arms---the hollow vallies ſound,
To Arms---to Arms---the hills rebound
Eccho, well-pleas'd, repeats the voice around.

XIX.

Muſe of Glory! ceaſe thy Strain,
Muſe of Melancholly reign,
For one ſhort penſive hour:
Genius of Britain! 'mid thy power,
With head declin'd, in anguiſh mourn
O'er Chatham's patriot Urn.
Immortal Chatham! from thy tongue
Demoſthenean accents hung,
While, with applauſe, the liſtening Senate rung;
Who now that Senate ſhall controul,
And flaſh conviction on the ſoul?
Combine with eloquence the Patriot flame.
And ſpread o'er every Shore thy Country's fame?

Oh! to thy Country ever dear!
Thy Spirit let our Souls revere!
Thy Vigour in our Hearts infuſe!
Our Troops inſpire---inſpire the Muſe!
Secure within our happy Iſle,
Bid us at vain Invaſion ſmile:
---Our Fleets triumphant o'er the Main,
Old Ocean's Empire ſtill maintain:
---Keppel's Imperial Flag advance
And point his thunder 'gainſt the coaſt of France,
(Wide as the waters flow
Keep the Subject waves in awe)
Make Britain's Naval Terrors known
And Lewis tremble on his ſplendid throne.

O D E

TO

C U R I O S I T Y.

A

POETICAL AMUSEMENT

FOR

BATHEASTON VILLA.

THE SECOND EDITION.

DEDICATED TO EDWARD ROCHE, ESQ. OF TRABULGAN,
COUNTY OF CORK, IRELAND.

*** This little extemporaneous Poem was first printed by R. CRUTWELL, of Bath, under the signature of IMPARTIALIST; but on account of the extreme haste, in which it was written, it is now a little corrected and enlarged, to render it more worthy of the Gentleman's Patronage to whom it is dedicated; and of that Lady's taste, who honoured it with the Myrtle.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ODE TO CURIOSITY.

I.

ALL Hail! thou heaven-deſcended Maid!
In Fancy's various robes array'd!
Firſt of thy ſhining train:
Wiſdom's Child, inventive Art,
(Taught to expand the liberal heart)
Shall own thy wide domain.

II.

To thee, O Nymph, my Muſe ſhall ſing,
If thou but plume her trembling wing,
And bid her pinions riſe;
Without thy aid, ſhe mounts no height,
Nor emulates Pindaric flight,
Content with humbler ſkies.

III

Antient or modern, all we know,
To thy bright origin we owe;---
The Healing Art is thine:
With Thee the COAN SAGE was fraught,
From Thee deriv'd that heavenly thought,
Which ſtamp'd his works divine,

IV.

GALEN's great mind thou led'ſt, to view
Man's wonderous Fabric; whence he knew
The harmony of parts:
In his dark age, Anatomy
Languiſh'd in feeble infancy,
'Mong rude unfiniſh'd arts.

Succeeding

Coan Sage,] Hippocrates was called the Divine Old Man of Cos, at which place he wrote his Coan Prognoſtics.

Harmony of Parts.] Galen wrote a Treatiſe, *de Uſu Partium Corporis humani.*

V.

Succeeding Sages caught the flame,
More nicely ſcann'd the human frame:
---To trace th' arterial way;
To trace the veins from every part,
Meandering to the fountain heart,
Reſerv'd for HARVEY's Day.

VI.

To HUNTER thou haſt laſtly ſhown,
(All that perchance ſhall e'er be known)
Of th' human form divine:
Thou didſt direct his ſearching eye,
The ſmalleſt lymphæduct to ſpy,
And nerve minutely fine.

Rais'd

Harvey's day] Dr. Harvey diſcovered the circulation of the blood, in the year 1621; tho' Servetus a Spaniard, who lived at Villeneuf, (from thence called Villonovanus) found out that the blood circulated from the heart thro' both lobes of the lungs, near 100 years before him.

VII.

Rais'd by thy wonder-working hand,
Behold thy own bright Temple ſtand,
Offspring of HUNTER's Mind.---
'Mid Learning's old and modern lore,
And Nature's choice collected ſtore,
There, Goddeſs, dwell enſhrin'd!

VIII.

Thou, Science' wandering ſteps did'ſt guide,
Her antient Reign extending wide,
From Egypt's Realm to Greece:
To Attic Wit thou gav'ſt the fire,
Thy breath, bold Jaſon did inſpire
To gain the Golden Fleece.

By

Thy own bright Temple] Dr. W. HUNTER's Muſeum in Great Windmill Street,---a moſt valuable repoſitory of the fineſt collection of human anatomy in the known world; of a moſt curious collection of medals and foſſils, and of the beſt editions of the antient and modern authors, &c. &c.

IX.

From thee, no leſs than Glory fir'd!
PHILIP's great Son to Fame aſpir'd---
Thou waſt the leading ſtar:
From thee, preſiding at his birth,
Reſtleſs he travers'd the wide earth,
And wag'd an endleſs War.

X.

Thy powerful ſway old Latium knew,
Where'er the Roman Eagle flew.---
To civilize Mankind
On Conqueſt's laurell'd helm, you ſat
Attending JULIUS' milder ſtate,
In triumph o'er the mind.

The leading Star.] Some hiſtorian remarks that when Alexander the Great was born, an appearance like a ſtar, ſhone o'er the houſe of his father Philip.

To civilize Mankind] Julius Cæſar introduced the liberal Arts and Sciences among the conquered nations, and was no leſs curious than ambitious.

XI.

Paſt Time's abyſs, you bring to view,
Heroes of old, preſerv'd by you
Live in th' Hiſtorians' page:
To them th' indulgent Gods decreed,
Still to preſerve each glorious deed,
Unſullied down thro' age.

XII.

To native manſions unconfin'd,
Tis thou doſt form the roving mind,
And tempting lead'ſt the way:
Thou rear'ſt the maſt, and ſpread'ſt the ſail,
To catch the ſwiftly-winged gale
Wide o'er the raging ſea.

XIII.

By thee COLUMBUS' ſelf was taught,
And thou didſt prompt the daring thought
Of his unbounded mind,
Far,

Columbus] A Genoeſe, diſcovered America in the year 1492.

Far,---far from ſafe, inglorious home,
Wide o'er th' Atlantic main to roam,
Another World to find.

XIV.

From thee (their bright and ſacred ſource)
Invention's ſtreams derive their courſe,
And flow to modern hour:
You teach th' Electric wonderous force
To emulate the lightening's courſe,
You rival Jove's dread power.

XV.

Our modern Sages learnt from thee
The Loadſtone's myſtic quality,
True to the Polar Star:
Safeguard to Mariners o'er ſeas,
Who hence are taught, thro' pathleſs ways,
To ſteer their courſe afar.

XVI.

CADMUS, from Thee, by travel taught,
Gave viſibility to thought
To expreſs the diſtant heart :---
Thou didſt improve his ruder plan,
Freſh to preſerve the thought of man,
Thou gav'ſt the Printing-Art.

XVII.

Th' ideas glowing hence we read,
Of Bards and Sages long ſince dead,
And hear the Orphean lyre :
Printing preſerves Mæonian Rage,
The Mantuan's ſweet majeſtic Page,
And SHAKESPEARE's Muſe of Fire.

Not

Cadmus] Who had travelled into Egypt, invented letters in Greece, but took the hint from the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Mæonian] Homer ſo called from Mœonia, the ſuppoſed place of his birth.

Mantuan] Virgil, born at Mantua.

XVIII.

Not this ſmall globe confines thy hand,---
Thou ſcorn'ſt th'extent of ſea and land,
And ſeek'ſt thy native ſkies:
To rove thro' regions heavenly bright,
And bring from darkneſs mental light,
Thou bad'ſt a NEWTON riſe.

XIX.

By Thee inſpir'd, he fearleſs ſoar'd,
The trackleſs paths of ſpace explor'd,
Up to the firſt Great Cauſe;
Th' eccentric Comets' courſe he knew,
From principles ſublimely-few,
Explain'd all Nature's laws.

XX.

Th' attractive and repulſive force,
He taught to ſolve the Planets' courſe
Encircling thee, O Sun!

Taught how thy Orb of heat and light,
With unconſuming ardors bright,
Round his own centre run.

XXI.

'Mid worlds, and ſuns, in ſpace immenſe,
Aſtoniſhing to mortal ſenſe!
To ſyſtems unconfin'd
On wings of Light, ſublime he rode,
In mental viſion ſaw his GOD---
THE UNIVERSAL MIND!

XXII.

---Deſcend, my Muſe, from Heaven deſcend,
On female excellence attend,
And thou preſent my ſtrains,

Where

Own centre run.] Tho' Pythagoras in Greece, at an early period, diſcovered that the earth moved round the ſun, and not the ſun round the earth: and tho' Copernicus revived this ſyſtem, in the fifteenth century; it was Sir Iſaac Newton firſt diſcovered the principles of attraction and repulſion, by which the ſolar ſyſtem ſubſiſts.

Wings of Light.] Sir Iſaac Newton made ſome valuable diſcoveries in the Science of Optics.

Where Taſte and Elegance reſort,
And all the Muſes ſeek the court,
Where female Phœbus reigns.

XXIII.

MILLER, all hail!---the Muſe's Queen!
Around thee ſmiles the chearful green,
And Avon flows along;
Each Avon gains a local fame,
And both acquire immortal name,
From Thine and SHAKESPEARE's ſong!

XXIV.

Daughters and ſons of ſacred verſe,
To thee their choiceſt lays rehearſe,
And, liſtening, throng around;

The

Each Avon.] Alluding to two rivers of the name of Avon. One that runs by Stratford, where Shakeſpeare was born. The other runs by the Villa at Bath Eaſton, where Mrs. Miller reſides.

The neighbouring ſtreams forget to flow,
(As ſenſe of harmony they know)
Charm'd with the magic ſound.

XXV.

Conſcious of worth, free Bards aſpire,
And boldly ſtrike the Britiſh lyre,---
Supreme in taſte, you ſtand.
Supremely bleſt, who ſhall be found
Worthy to be with myrtle crown'd,
By thy judicious hand?

XXVI.

Not ſuch the bough that Venus ſhow'd,
Or the kind Sybil erſt beſtow'd
On fam'd ANCHISES' ſon:

Thy

The kind Sybil.] . . . . . Latet arbore opacâ
Aureus & foliis & lento vimine ramus,
Junoni infernæ dictus ſacer. . . . . VIRGIL, Æneid 6.

. . . . In the neighbourin grove,
There ſtands a tree: The Queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own.---One golden bough it bears. DRYDEN.

Thy never-fading wreath who gains,
The boaſted guerdon of his ſtrains,
A greater boon has won.

XXVII.

The Sybil-Propheteſs but gave
Her bough, to find Hell's gloomy cave,----
To thine a power is given,
Depreſſed Genius high to raiſe,
Ambitious Minds to feed with Praiſe,
And lift the Soul to Heaven.

M MILLER,

Guerdon.] Reward.---*Spenſer.*

Hell's gloomy cave.] Sed non antè datur telluris operta ſubire,
Auricomos quàm quis decerpſerit arbore fœtus.
Hoc ſibi pulchra ſuum ferri Proſerpina munus
Inſtituit. . . . . VIRGIL, Æneid 6.

This from the vulgar branches muſt be torn,
And to ſair Proſerpine, the preſent born,
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether ſkies. DRYDEN.

XXVIII.

MILLER, all hail!---the Muſes' theme!
MILLER, all hail!---in taſte ſupreme!
Thy Fame no bounds ſhall know,
While drooping Science rears her head,
While Engliſh Poeſy is read,
Or Avon's ſtream ſhall flow.

A Poe-

A Poetical Encomium on TRADE,

ADDRESSED TO THE

MERCANTILE CITY OF BRISTOL.

Spoken by Mr. CAUTHERLY, for Mr. CLARKE's Benefit, at BRISTOL THEATRE, in the Summer of the Year 1777.

ALL hail to BRISTOL!---Commerce's fam'd Retreat!
Of Wealth and Merchandize the happy Seat!
Where AVON flows along the fertile Vale,
Freighted with Riches from each Weſtern Gale:
Her Meads, and Hills, with Verdure crown'd and Flocks,
The FOUNT of HEALTH freſh iſſuing from her Rocks.

Nor let her wealthy Sons of Taſte refuſe,
To own the Tragic or the Comic Muſe.---

To

* *Fount of Health*] Deſcriptive of the Hot Wells.

To Commerce,---Power and Greatneſs owe their Birth,
And her's the Produce of the fruitful Earth,
Parent of Arts---of Induſtry the Child---
On TYRE, the Queen of Ocean, firſt ſhe ſmil'd:
From Trade alone the crowned City roſe,
And like a Cedar, rear'd her towering Brows.
---Her princely Merchants triumph'd o'er her Foes!

On barren ATTICA ſhe next abode,
By Phœbus nurtur'd, wit-inſpiring God:
Wiſdom's ſtern Goddeſs ſmil'd mid War's Alarms,
And nurſt the lovely Stranger in her Arms.
---Spirit of Commerce fir'd the Sons of GREECE,
And Heroes traded for the GOLDEN FLEECE.
ATHENIAN PALLAS, joyful claim'd the Prize,
And bad the Labours of the Loom ariſe.

From

From GREECE enſlav'd, with Liberty ſhe fled,
Nor dar'd again to raiſe her exil'd Head;
Cheriſh'd in ITALY, ſhe thriv'd and grew,
And ſpread her Sails, where e'er her Eagle flew;
Nor her fair Train did bright-eyed Science quit,
'Till ROME's fam'd Forum was the Mart of Wit;
With Conqueſt tir'd, her Warriors fought Repoſe,
From Wealth and Taſte her Theatre aroſe;
VIRGIL and HORACE ſtrung the Roman Lyre,
And TERENCE caught the Flame from bold MENANDER's Fire:
While rival Eloquence improv'd the Age,
TULLY the Roſtrum ..... ROSCIUS grac'd the Stage.

BRITANNIA laſt, commercial Influence bleſt,
Commerce and Taſte by Liberty careſt.
A Maiden-Queen was pre-ordain'd by Fate,
From her, our letter'd Æra took its Date;

While Arts, and Arms, and Empire crown'd the Age,
The Drama claim'd the Royal Patronage,
And Great ELIZA read immortal SHAKESPEARE's Page.
The bluſhing Muſes, and their modeſt Train,
Turn'd Royal Proſtitutes in CHARLES's Reign;
Laughing THALIA Virtue made her Sport,
And, e'en MELPOMENE intrigu'd at Court:
The Muſe of Modeſty reſumes her Lays,
And SHERIDAN adorns great GEORGE's Days;
Happy alone the golden Mean to hit,
And join for ever Chaſtity and Wit!

Nor Monarchs on the Merchant dare to frown,
Trade brings the Gem, that ſparkles in the Crown:
Commerce and Freedom, BRITONS claim their own,
On Trade's broad Baſis ſtands BRITANNIA's Throne.

But

Chaſtity and Wit] Alluding to Mr. SHERIDAN's admired Comedy of the SCHOOL for SCANDAL.

But civil Diſcord!---Muſe avert thine Head,
Nor view the vaſt Atlantic ſtain'd with Red:
Commerce (her Cheeks while crimſon Bluſhes hide)
Avoids the guilty Ocean ſlaughter-dy'd.
Diſcord!---her fiery Torch advancing high,
With Hydra-head invades the angry Sky;
Be her fell Torch extinguiſh'd in the Flood!
And Brothers ceaſe to ſhed their Brothers' Blood!
Reſume, O meek-eyed Muſe, thy wonted Smile!
Rejoice, O Commerce, in thy choſen Iſle!
Be all thy Sails with every Wind unfurl'd,
And ſeek again well-pleas'd the WESTERN WORLD.

Fair Trade and Merchandize are BRISTOL's Pride;
(Nor Wealth from Charity ſhall aught divide)
But liberal Thoughts your generous Hearts extend
Where COLSTON liv'd,---of all Mankind the Friend.---

Nor

Colſton liv'd] He was a general Benefactor to the City of Briſtol.

Nor antient BRISTOL, did the Muſes ſcorn;
Here ROWLIE, lovely, ſweeteſt Bard was born:
And here his Muſe firſt took her lofty Flight,
(Doom'd to Oblivion and the Shades of Night!)
Had not your penetrating Eye ſurvey'd,
And brought forth into Day the long-loſt Maid!
---Thus ſinks the Sun beneath the Weſtern Skies,
With double Splendor in the Eaſt to riſe.--
From Chains of Darkneſs freed, true Genius will aſpire;
For nothing can extinguiſh heavenly Fire.

The glowing Embers, CHATTERTON relum'd,
Unhappy Youth! to ſwift Deſtruction doom'd!

The

Here Rowlie] A moſt excellent Poet, who lived in Briſtol about 50 years after the Death of Chaucer; the Authenticity of whoſe Poems is ſufficiently aſcertained in Briſtol, not only by internal Evidence, but on the Authority of ſome Gentlemen of the firſt Character.

Chatterton] A very ingenious young Man, who was the means of producing to the learned World, the valuable Relicts of Rowlie's Poetry; he was dead before the

age

The Youth untimely loſt! the Muſes mourn!
And with their Tears bedew Self-ſlaughter's Urn.

Nor can the milder Graces quit your Shore,
While each inſpiring Muſe reſides with---MORE:

O Nor

age of Eighteen, and could not (for many reaſons too long to be enumerated here,) poſſibly be the Author of the Poems himſelf; tho' in his own juvenile productions, he diſplayed a fine fancy and true poetic genius, as may be ſeen from ſome of his own little poems, that are yet preſerved. It is rather ſingular, that one of the firſt Critics and Poets of the age ſhould be led to ſuppoſe, that young Chatterton could be the author of the poems, attributed to Rowlie; becauſe, among other conjectures, he had penetration enough to diſcover that there were ſome modern words, and ſometimes great part of a modern ſtanza interſperſed among the original antique Poem. The plain fact was, whenever Chatterton could not make out all the words of the old Manuſcript, as he was quick of invention and not ſufficiently an Antiquarian; he ventured on his own judgment to ſubſtitute ſimilar words of a more modern origin. But what proves the authenticity of Rowlie's writings in general beyond a diſpute, is, that a manuſcript of his, lately found, makes mention of a certain church or chapel, built in his days, the foundation of which hath lately been diſcovered, in digging down ſome old walls in Briſtol, ſince Chatterton's death; and correſponds very nearly to Rowlie's deſcription.------The Author, who had ſome little knowledge of Chatterton, is in poſſeſſion of ſome anecdotes relative to him, as yet unknown to the learned world, and which he means to make public.

Miſs Hannah More] An Authoreſs, reſiding at Briſtol, whoſe Literary Fame the Author of this little Piece endeavoured to vindicate under the Signature of IMPARTIALIST, in ſome of the Morning Prints, when her Tragedy of Piercy was inveighed againſt with a great Degree of Malevolence by the London Critics and diſappointed Authors.

Nor BRISTOL ſhall abſtruſer Science ſhun,
Where half a NEWTON's Knowledge lives with DONN.

To your free Choice the Drama's Sons ſubmit,
Their various Merchandize of Engliſh Wit.
On their weak Efforts deign to ſmile well pleas'd,
And patronize the STAGE, your Taſte hath rais'd.

Newton's knowledge] Mr. BENJAMIN DONN, a Native of Devonſhire, an ingenious Mathematician, and Lecturer of Philoſophy.

The Stage] The THEATRE in King-ſtreet, conſtructed on an excellent Plan, was built by the voluntary Subſcription of the Inhabitants of Briſtol.

AN

AN EPITAPH,

INTENDED FOR

The Rev. Mr. ECCLES;

Who loſt his Life by humanely endeavouring to ſave a Lad, who was drowning, in the River Avon near Bath.

READER! one Drop of Pity from thine Eyes,
To grace the tomb, where much-lov'd ECCLES lies:
Nor bluſh for him thy Feelings to impart,
Who beſt deſcrib'd the FEELINGS OF THE HEART,
His Joy for others Joy the firſt to ſhow,
And firſt to ſympathize with others Woe,
He the high Paths of heavenly Science trod,
Explain'd to Man the Oracles of God;

With

The Feelings of the Heart] Mr. ECCLES was (at the time of his death) reputed the Author of the Man of Feeling.

With Chriſtian Doctrines, moral Precepts mixt,
And both on Truth's eternal Baſis fixt.
---Poliſh'd rough Virtue with a Taſte refin'd.
" The Lover and the Love of Human Kind :"
His Mind all ſelfiſh Motives ſoar'd above,
He died the Martyr of pure ſocial Love :
His willing Hand extending free to ſave,
A Friendleſs Stranger ſinking in the Wave,
Were both o'erwhelmed in a Watery Grave.
His feeling Heart in Avon ceas'd to beat,
(The ſtream extinguiſhing the Vital Heat)
---The pious Deed ſhall ne'er Oblivion know,
Whilſt feeling Hearts ſhall beat, or ſocial Love ſhall glow.

F I N I S.